SEX CRIMINALS 20: OUTS

FRACTION
ZDARSKY

Fuck.

I don't want to do this.

THE WIDE WIENER

POLICE

NINE4ONE PIZZA

E CUT EVERY SLICE INTO NINE SMALLER SLICES, GUARANTEED

Running is Actually Quite Good For You

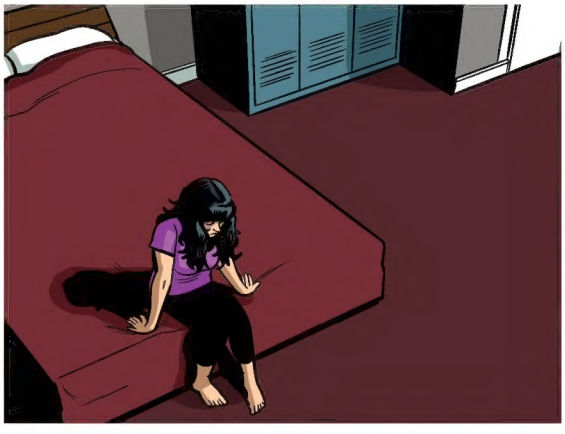
It's been coming for a while now.

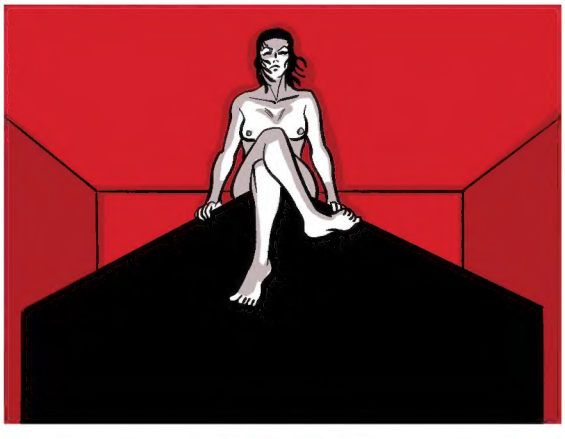
I really don't want to do this.

TODD PWNED MEMEORIAL
SORRY
Running is Actually Quite Good For You

THE CHRISTIAN WARD
ALL FAITHS WELCOME
JK just christians
Running is Actually Quite Good Fun Too

SORRY





Hey.
Hey.
So, uh.
We should talk.
Yeah.
Let's talk.

PREVIOUSLY IN

SEX CRIMINALS

I might be short, but I'm so wide
So wide that I won't fit inside
Just take your time, and gen-tl-y
Soon inside your mouth I'll be

Wide Wieners, Wide Wieners
Stubby, jolly, full of mirth
Wide Wieners, Wide Wieners
I'm not long but I have girth

Wieners aren't one size fits all
Long fat short bent big or small
Just be cool and trust me chum
I'm a wiener

Made for buns

MATT FRACTION
CHIP ZDARSKY

THOMAS K EDITING
LAUREN SANKOVITCH MANAGING EDITOR
DREW GILL PRODUCTION
JOE QUINONES XXX VARIANT COVER

SEND SMUT & MISSIVES (SMISSIVES) TO EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM

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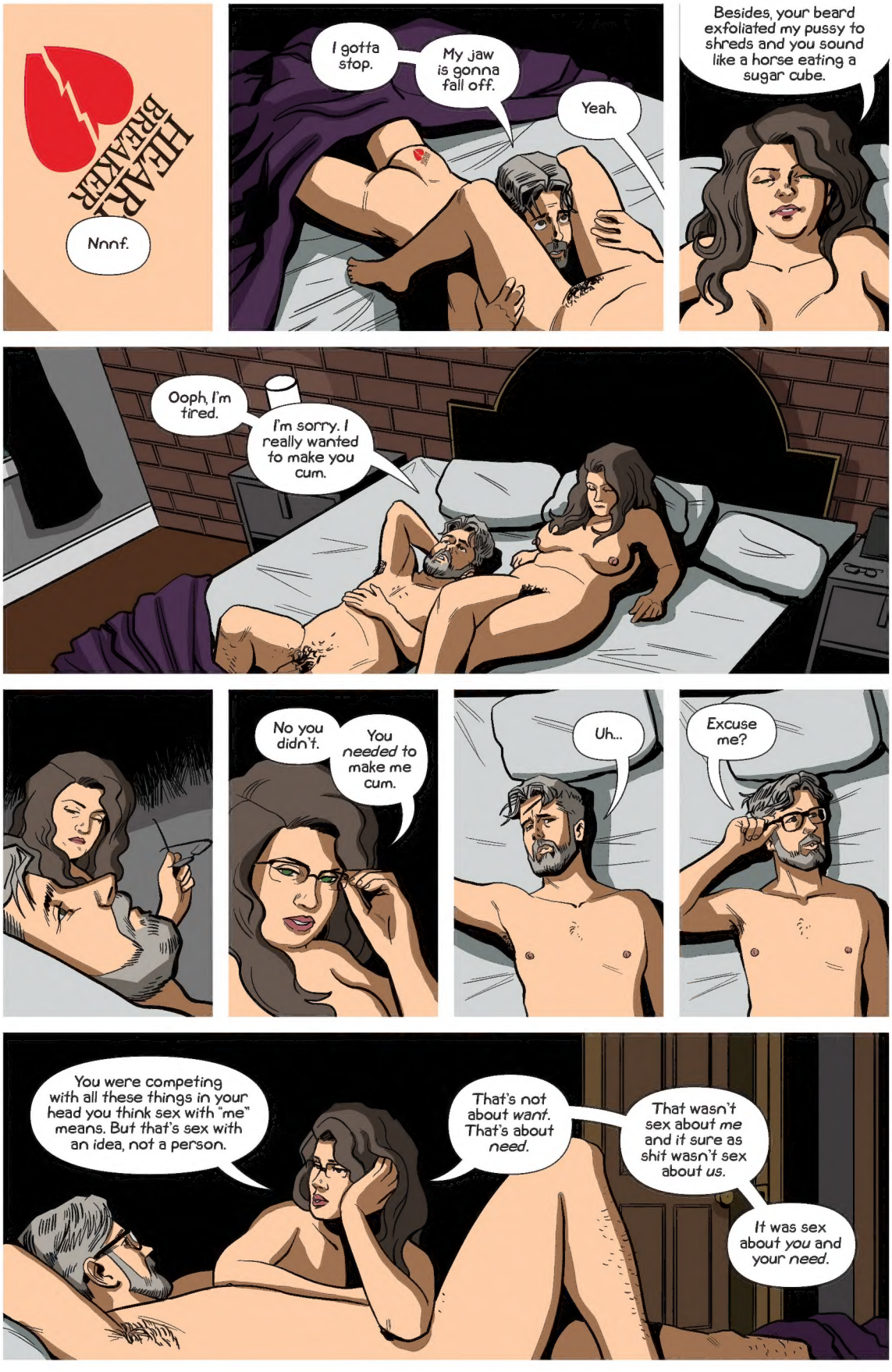
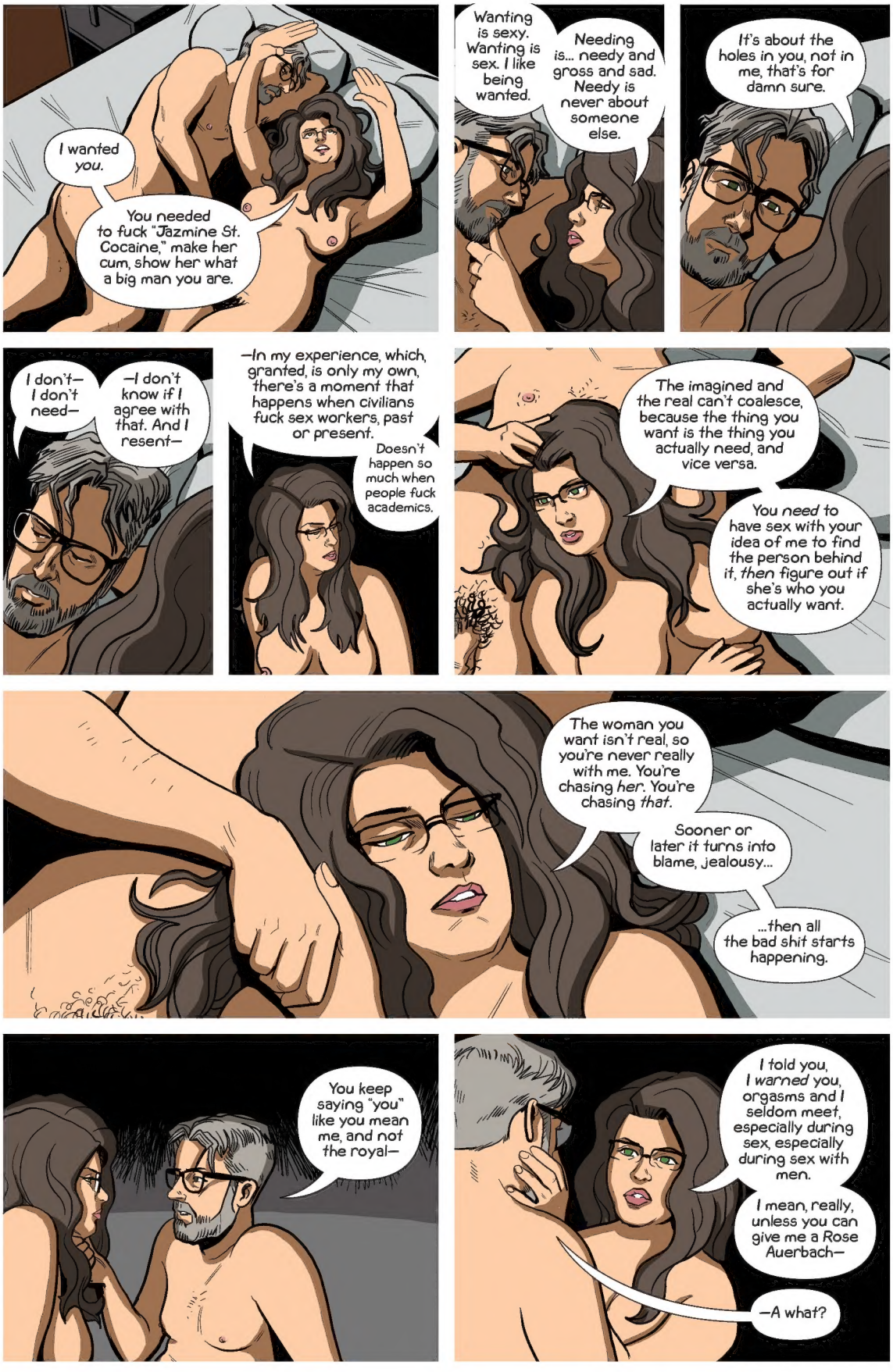
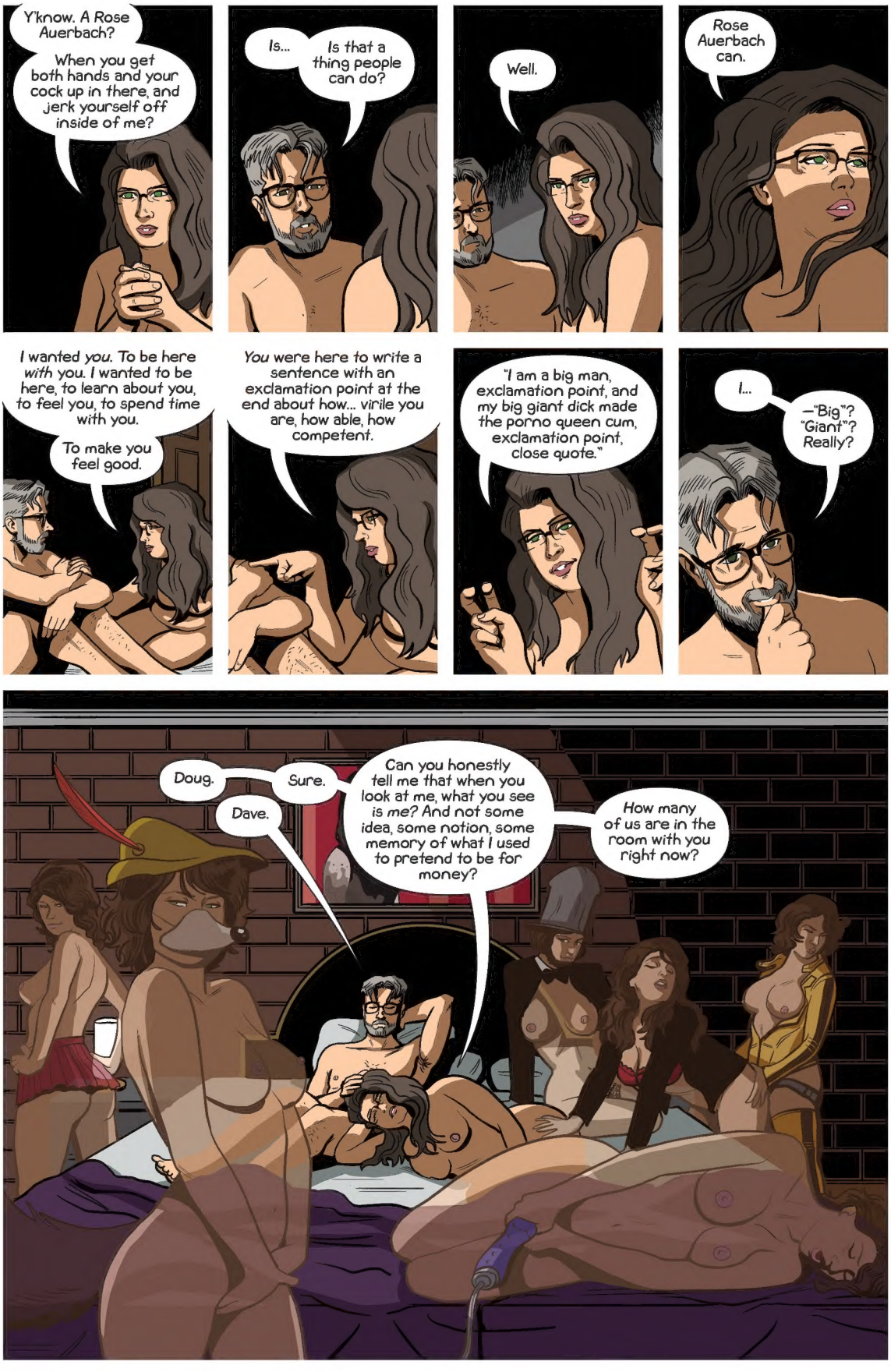

HEART BREAKER
Nnnf.
I gotta stop.
My jaw is gonna fall off.
Yeah.
Besides, your beard exfoliated my pussy to shreds and you sound like a horse eating a sugar cube.
Ooph, I'm tired.
I'm sorry. I really wanted to make you cum.
No you didn't.
You needed to make me cum.
Uh...
Excuse me?
You were competing with all these things in your head you think sex with "me" means. But that's sex with an idea, not a person.
That's not about want. That's about need.
That wasn't sex about me and it sure as shit wasn't sex about us.
It was sex about you and your need.


I wanted you.
You needed to fuck "Jazmine St. Cocaine," make her cum, show her what a big man you are.
Wanting is sexy. Wanting is sex. I like being wanted.
Needing is... needy and gross and sad. Needy is never about someone else.
It's about the holes in you, not in me, that's for damn sure.
I don't— I don't need—
—I don't know if I agree with that. And I resent—
—In my experience, which, granted, is only my own, there's a moment that happens when civilians fuck sex workers, past or present.
Doesn't happen so much when people fuck academics.
The imagined and the real can't coalesce, because the thing you want is the thing you actually need, and vice versa.
You need to have sex with your idea of me to find the person behind it, then figure out if she's who you actually want.
The woman you want isn't real, so you're never really with me. You're chasing her. You're chasing that.
Sooner or later it turns into blame, jealousy...
...then all the bad shit starts happening.
You keep saying "you" like you mean me, and not the royal—
I told you, I warned you, orgasms and I seldom meet, especially during sex, especially during sex with men.
I mean, really, unless you can give me a Rose Auerbach—
—A what?


Y'know. A Rose Auerbach?
When you get both hands and your cock up in there, and jerk yourself off inside of me?
Is...
Is that a thing people can do?
Well.
Rose Auerbach can.
I wanted *you*. To be here *with* you. I wanted to be here, to learn about you, to feel you, to spend time with you.
To make you feel good.
You were here to write a sentence with an exclamation point at the end about how... virile you are, how able, how competent.
"I am a big man, exclamation point, and my big giant dick made the porno queen cum, exclamation point, close quote."
I...
—"Big"? "Giant"? Really?
Doug.
Sure.
Dave.
Can you honestly tell me that when you look at me, what you see is *me*? And not some idea, some notion, some memory of what I used to pretend to be for money?
How many of us are in the room with you right now?

c'mon.
c'mon.
aaa
Please.
Please ow
ow—
snf
goddammit.
snff
bullshit...
Are you
screening
calls?

Hey hey—
Maybe this isn't the best idea.
Nope.
This is totally a bad idea.

But we do it anyway.
One final time.
One for the road.
For everything.
I'm suh—
I'm so sor—
No.
No crying. No apologies.
Then, just like that...
...It was over.

BADALCORP

EXIT

I am gonna fuck you up ten ways to Tuesday.
You're never even gonna see what's coming your way.
I'll get help. I'll get everyone from your little dossier.
As many people as I need to take away everything you have—
—like you took everything away from me.
Fuck—
—YOU!!

And fuck this!
And this!
And this!
Fuck YOU!
My oh my.
A challenge.
What the hell is wrong with you?
I didn't say "stop sucking."

LETTER DADDIES

SEND YOUR THOUGHTS, SEXUAL QUESTIONS, AND TIPS ON WHERE THE MOUTH CLITORIS IS TO *EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM*. YOUR TYPOS/SHAME ARE YOUR OWN AND WILL BE RUN AS RECEIVED. ALL ASSUMED OK TO PRINT UNLESS STATED OTHERWISE.

WELL, THAT SURE WAS A WHOLE LOT OF SOMETHING, WASN'T IT.

WE'VE BEEN HEADING TOWARD THIS FOR A WHILE -- AND BOY, WAS IT THE OPPOSITE OF FUN TO WRITE! AND YET INTO EVERY COMIC THE SECOND ACT CURTAIN MUST FALL, AND OURS HAS INDEED FALLEN RIGHT BETWEEN OUR TWO LEADS. WHAT KIND OF LOVE STORY HAS THE CHARACTERS SPLITTING UP? WHAT KIND OF ROMANCE HAS ACTUAL GODDAMN TURBULENCE THAT SHAKES EVERYTHING APART? WELL I GUESS IN MY EXPERIENCE, I'D HAVE TO SAY ALL OF 'EM, IF THEY'RE REAL. LIFE AND LOVE MEANS TURBULENCE I GUESS. AND AS *LE CRIMBO DU SEX* PRIDES ITSELF ON BEING THE BOOK THAT PRIDES ITSELF ON ITS LITERAL, ACCURATE, AND NIGH-PEDANTIC REPORTAGE OF HUMAN EVENTS IN THE REAL WORLD YOU KNOW AND LIKE EVEN AS YOU STILL WANT TO BE FREE TO FINGERBLAST OTHER BOOKS (LIKE THE NEW-TIME ADVENTURES OF YOUR OLD PAL SPIDERMAN ON SALE NOW BY OUR VERY OWN CHIP ZDARSKY AND ONE OF THE KUBERTS BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER IF IT IS ADAM OR ANDY RIGHT NOW), HERE, AT THIS GRIM IMPASSE, IS WHERE WE FIND OURSELVES.

AT LEAST UNTIL THE START OF OUR EXCITING NEW ARC, 'FIVE-FINGERED DISCOUNT', STARTING IN *SEX CRIMINALS* #21!!!

[TRUE STORY: THERE'S A SPREAD IN THIS BOOK THAT TOOK AS LONG AS THE WHOLE REST OF THE THING PUT TOGETHER TO WRITE, AND WHEN CHIP WAS DONE I GOT RID OF ALL THE WORDS ANYWAY. HA HA, WRITING IS SO FUCKING STUPID YOU GUYS]

OH HEY, BEFORE I FORGET BECAUSE I AM TERRIBLE AT BUSINESS, COMMUNICATION, AND MAKING MONEY, WE PARTNERED WITH WORLDBUILDERS.ORG (THE EXCELLENT FOLKS BEHIND THE *GEEKS DOING GOOD* CAMPAIGN ON INDIEGOGO) WHAT THIS MEANS MOST RELEVANTLY TO YOU RIGHT NOW IS WE HAVE MADE NEW AND/OR EXCLUSIVE MERRRRCH AVAILABLE AS PART OF THEIR "TINKER'S PACKS".

https://thetinkerspacks.com/collections/sex-criminals

AND HEY GUESS WHAT, NOT ONLY DO YOU GET THAT *RUNNING IS BULLSHIT* TANK YOU'VE WISHED FOR, BUT A PERCENTAGE OF THE PROFIT GOES TO A GREAT CAUSE, SO CHECK CHECK CHECK CHECK CHECK IT OUT.

WELL FUCK IT LET'S SEE WHAT YOU PSYCHOTIC HORNDOGS HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELVES THIS MONTH.

•

Hey guys! I wrote in maybe two years ago with by far the dumbest letter to ever appear in SexCrims, one that added nothing to the conversation. So, you know, my bad. (Don't drink and email, kids.) BUT! It turns out writing in was part of an inner process or journey or whatever because I had some problems. My thinking was, "I've had a million shitty little experiences that have made me a churning bag of illness. Should I see a therapist? Nah, I'll write into a comic book!" Great idea!

What I later realized was all the talk about mental health in the back of those first several issues were making me notice my issues. (See what I did there?) Since then I've gotten help and got on some meds and now I'm a happier, healthier person, I'm drinking a loooot less, and I'm a better husband and father. So thanks to you two for fostering an open, friendly environment and to all the brimpers who wrote in and added their voices. You all directly improved the lives of me and my family. Yay!

Dan N.

PS: Yeah, toxic masculinity, what the hell? Can we keep talking about that? Because even sensitive little nice guys like me are drowning in it and lots and lots of listening is the only way to expunge it. Blech!

DAN, THAT'S GREAT. I DON'T THINK EITHER I OR CHUM MEANT FOR -- NO, THAT'S THE WRONG PHRASE. WE NEVER MEANT FOR *SEX CRIMINALS* TO DO ANYTHING BUT MAKE ONE ANOTHER LAUGH. WE NEVER... UNDERSTOOD? COULD PREDICT? PLANNED? -- WHATEVER THE WORD, NEITHER I NOR C HAD ANY IDEA WE WERE GOING TO BE IN A PLACE WHERE THIS WAS THE KIND OF THING WE TALKED ABOUT WITH ANY KIND OF CLARITY, REGULARITY, OR AUDIENCE. AND AS MUCH AS I'VE REGRETTED TALKING ABOUT MYSELF (OR LETTING MYSELF BE PHOTOGRAPHED SHLUBBY, SHIRTLESS, AND HAVING MY TIT STABBED OFF BY A FRENCH-CANADIAN), I WOULD DO IT AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN IF IT MEANT THE SAME RESULTS. WE DO SHOWS AND MEET PEOPLE THAT CAME TOGETHER -- LEITMOTIF! LEIT! MOTIF!!! -- BECAUSE OF THIS DUMB COMIC BOOK, AND SHARE THIS INCREDIBLY VULNERABLE AND NAKED -- SYMBOLISM!!!! SYM! BO! LIS! MMMM! -- PART OF THEMSELVES WITH US. OR WE MEET OTHERS THAT ARE MAYBE MORE LIKE US THAN EVEN WE'D CARE TO ADMIT

...Nah, Mom, I just needed a change of scenery, is all.
You know how it gets if you stay put in one place too long.
PUMP & DUMP
Just decided to pack up, hit the road, and see where it takes me.
Me, a van, and the open road! A fresh start somewhere.
It's exciting, right?
Pobody's
No, Mom, I swear, everything's all right. I'm great.
And wherever I end up, it's gonna be great too. Everything's gonna be just fine.
Pobody's Nerfect
"Everywhere you go, there's always somebody hunting a wide wiener."
Buntropolis
68 miles

SEX TIP *Breath play is when one partner allows another to restrict the other's airflow so, no, gerry, i* ***don't*** *want to "strangle you" i want to* ***breath play*** *you.*

THAT FIND THE STRENGTH AND BRAVERY TO TAKE THE FIRST STEP INTO SEEKING OUT HELP BECAUSE OF SOMEONE'S SILLY HAIRFUCKING STORY OR WHATEVER. AND... AND THAT'S WORTH EVERYTHING. IT'S ALL WORTH IT.

AND YES! TOXIC MASCULINITY! OR AS MY THERAPIST PUT IT, "I CAN'T TELL IF YOU'RE CRYING OR HAVE ALLERGIES" HA HA SHE'S SO DUMB I WAS TOTALLY CRYING

Some would say I'm allergic to NOT crying! -CZ

•

I adore comics, especially the back matter, which I read a lot of since I work at a comic book store. Sometimes, readers who are my senior bring in comics from decades past to show me their letters that were printed in the comics they read. I think it's magical to be ensconced alongside the heroes of your youth like that. Your book is something like that, I suppose.
Not only is yours one of my favorite letter columns for the amazing community conversation that it breeds, but for the fact that I flip through the back first, to see if I recognize any of the letter writers from my shop. When I find out that a customer is a Brimper, I feel like it's a gross little connection we suddenly have. And while I don't WANT to know if they have a story about finding porn in the woods...I am compelled to look anyway. It transcends simple voyeurism or curiosity. And yes-I have recognized someone. No, I don't feel like it was anything I needed to know, but, yes, I continue to flip first through the letters of each issue in search of recognition anyway.
I imagine that Star Wars is already on the list of sexy time movies, but has anyone submitted the entire original trilogy? I first touched a penis during A New Hope and then I had to give him a ride home after turning off the ewoks. It was a whole thing.
With love,
Lisa C.

I LOVE CRATE-DIVING THROUGH OLD LETTER COLUMNS TO FIND LETTERS FROM NASCENT COMICS MAKERS. WHETHER IT'S GEORGE R.R. MARTIN WRITING THOUGHTFUL DISCURSIONS ON THE FANTASTIC FOUR OR ED BRUBAKER WRITING IN TO THE PAGES OF *FIRESTORM* TO PROTEST ITS ARTIFICIAL PORTRAYAL OF THE PUNK ROCK SCENE.

BY THE WAY, ED BRUBAKER HAS AN OLD LETTER IN THE BACK OF AN ISSUE OF *FIRESTORM* THAT'S ALL ABOUT HOW FIRESTORM ISN'T KEEPING IT REAL W/R/T PUNK PLEASE GO FORTH AND FIND IT IT'S SO GOOD YOU GUYS YOU CAN TOTALLY TELL HE WAS GONNA GROW UP TO KILL CAPTAIN AMERICA AND GIVE BIRTH TO A WAVE OF BUCKYHUMPERS.

ALSO "TURNING OFF THE EWOKS" IS NOW THE NAME FOR WHEN YOU FIRST TOUCH A PENIS WHILE WATCHING STAR WARS. YES CHIP, EVEN YOUR OWN.

Chum you know I can't use that as a euphemism since I poorly hit on Warwick Davis thinking he was Jim Davis. -CZ

•

I wanted to write in and thank Chip for stopping by C2E2 here in Chicago last weekend. After seeing his signing line stretch to the far reaches of McCormick place both Friday and Saturday, I gave up and didn't even bother bringing my Sex Crims #1 on Sunday. Had I known all I had to do to meet Chip was cosplay Oogie Boogie and wander past Jamie McKelvie and Kieron Gillen's table I would have done so sooner, but nonetheless here is a pic of some of what Matt missed by not coming to Chicago last weekend. Thanks for making it weird, Chip; you made my weekend!

Also, as a long time reader and first time write in, I guess I have to share my porn in the woods story. I grew up in the suburbs of Phoenix where there were no woods, but there was a tree nearby so I'm counting it. When I was around 13 I was running around with three or four friends in the apartment complex we all lived in and as we rounded one of the buildings we saw what looked like a bunch of trash strewn across the common area grass. When we got closer, however, we realized it wasn't just any trash; it was the torn and crumpled remains of someone's former porn stash! There was definitely a story there; an angry significant other or an over-protective parent had clearly found someone's prized and treasured spank bank and taken out their anger on the glossy nudes therein. As 13 year old boys, though, we didn't really care where they came from as much as we cared about reaching the debris first to claim the most intact pieces for ourselves before someone else snatched them up. By the time we'd finished, all but the smallest remnants were divided between us and I went home with a dozen or so quarter and half-page sized scraps of what looked to be a copy of Hustler or Penthouse from the late 80's featuring a model with a more than passing resemblance to Susanna Hoffs from the Bangles. Those sad scraps hid at the bottom of my closet in a box of Wizard Comics Magazine back-issues and served me well until a year or so later when I finally got a computer and internet. Several years later I dropped that box of Wizards off at Goodwill and only

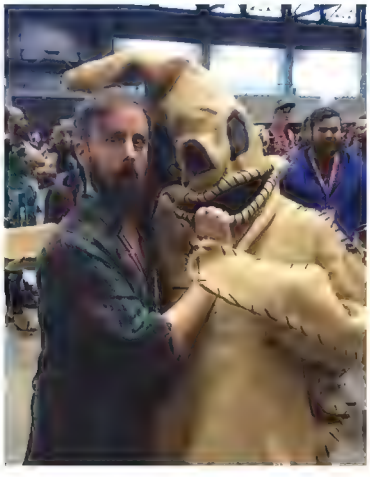
SEX TIP *Smack the head of his dick real real hard just before the moment of orgasm. I don't know what it'll do but I bet it'll be funny.*

---

hope I made some other young nerd's day with the treasures buried within. So not really porn in the woods, but that's my story.

Sincerely,
Justin B.

I BET CORMAC MCCARTHY HAS AN AMAZING PORN IN THE CREOSOTE STORY.



Oogie Boogie w/ unidentified fan (2017)

•

I am being pursued by my ex-boss. Beyond sexting and selfies worthy of their own porny tumblr, we are grown-ups capable of sustaining conversation.

However, this had been going on unresolved since January.

Friday he showed up at my office.

What he did next was the stuff of a dream I shared with him. This incensed motherfucker put his hands on me and days later I'm still reeling from the experience. I kinda wanna ask him what he's doing with the rest of his life because we all need someone that listens and gives us exactly what we ask for.

CLEARLY we are communicating, it's just ... we still haven't fucked.

Our work schedules don't mesh, but really what's the hold-up? Is this some kind of new fetish.. emotional edging? Or maybe all this foreplay really is his thing and he's just not ready to admit it? I don't get it. I'm down for whatever, I think I've been unequivocally explicit.

Candy C.

BOY, THAT TOOK A TURN. I HIT, "FRIDAY HE SHOWED UP AT MY OFFICE" (LAMEST OF THE CURE SONGS IMHO) AND DID NOT EXPECT THINGS TO GET ALL... UH... E.M. FORSTER LIKE IT DID? YOU CLEARLY HAVE SOME SORT OF *HOWARD'S END*-MEETS-TINDER THING HAPPENING BETWEEN THE TWO OF YOU, AND ALL THIS BUILDUP WILL, MUCH LIKE IN *HOWARD'S END*, CLIMAX (HO HO!) WITH A LONG, AWKWARD SILENCE AFTER HE INTERRUPTS YOUR WEDDING AND SWEEPS YOU AWAY ON A SLOWLY MOVING BUS TO NOWHERE WHILE SIMON AND GARFUNKEL PLAINTIVELY PLAY IN THE BACKGROUND.

I'M PRETTY SURE THAT'S HOW *HOWARD'S END* ENDED? REALLY DON'T REMEMBER.

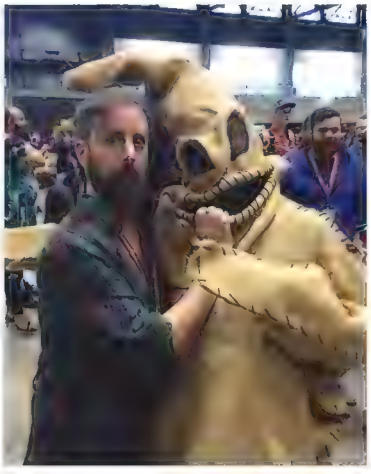
ANYWAY, HOPE Y'ALL BONE SOON.

Dollars to donuts says this guy has built it up SO MUCH in his mind that he knows he's gonna HOWARD'S END so quickly that you'll be wondering if you missed HOWARD'S MIDDLE. Alleviate his fears and get the bone ball rollin'!!!! -CZ

•

I'm gay. Put more gay stuff in your comic, please. It would make my p33n happy.

Bill R



Oogie Boogie w/unidentified otter daddy (2017)

•

THANK YOU for addressing the toxic masculinity in play in the letters of issue 13. This book has been so important to me not just for the story, which, y'know, is awesome, but for the amazingly fun and educational and sex positive community you've created. Before SexCrimz, I'd only read one or two of the letters in a comic. I read every fucking word of the SexCrimz letter pages. I've never written in to a comic before, but I had to let you know how stupidly wonderful this book as a whole is. Thank you!

Caitlin N.

IT'S TRUE WE ARE THE BEST.

I WANTED TO TRY AND... I DON'T KNOW, 'ADDRESS IT' ISN'T REALLY MY STYLE, BUT JON'S WHOLE THING IN #18 WAS SOME SORT OF MEDITATION ON THAT, TOO; HOW INGRAINED, HOW HARDWIRED, HOW EASILY IT COMES TO REDUCE A LOVE AND OR LUST OBJECT TO SIMPLY AN 'OBJECT'. I DON'T THINK I GOT THERE; OF ALL THE ISSUES TO DATE 18 IS THE

I don't know how it happened or why, just.
At some point he started getting meaner and meaner.
He's an asshole. You knew that. I knew that.
I know, I know, I just...
I just, it's so hard for me to find a good boyfriend, let alone one I have this thing in common with.
And I know you told me not to mix work and personal, but it's all tied up together now, and I'm not sure how to—
—Watch it.
Watch what?
"sigh"
Doesn't matter.

SEX TIP *Sexually attracted to ears? Join the club at emailthesexcriminals@gmail.com please please join the club my club is so so lonely*

ONE I THINK I MOST POORLY WHIFFED ON, SORRY, ON WHICH I MOST POORLY WHIFFED, BUT HEY, THERE'S ALWAYS *LETTER DADDIES* TO LET CHIP AND I SAY EXACTLY WHAT WE THINK AND FEEL.

I fucking nailed issue 18. -CZ

•

Attached are the photos I shared of my stereotypical asshole cat, Jerome (The Gangsta Cat), on Chip's Facebook post about the new BoxesInAction Sex Criminals box.

I put it together and, in typical cat-fashion he decided it was his now. Payback was me putting the top on it.

Caitlyn B

NOW SEEMS LIKE AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO REMIND EVERYONE THAT *SEX CRIMINALS*-THEMED SHORT COMIC BOXES ARE NOW FOR SALE AT BOXESINACTION.STORENVY.COM

THEY PROBABLY DON'T COME WITH CATS, THOUGH I DON'T KNOW.

•

I love you guys. Your comic is the best. My Dad bought the first issue for me when I was 15. I have a cool Dad. I have been recommending it to/ forcing it on my friends ever since. We used to sit under the classroom tables and pass the issues round in a circle at lunchtime. I think it really helped us all to think and talk about sex more. We went to an all girls grammar school, so we really needed that. Our sex ed on female masturbation consisted of a very ambiguous cartoon, where a girl used a hairdryer on her pubes (which is something I don't want to try). To be honest, I learnt more from the scene in Scrubs where Elliot rides a washing machine (which is something I still plan on trying). I didn't even really consider actually doing anything until I read Sex Crims though, and it was only Matt's response to a letter where he said go do it, go do it twice that finally convinced me to take the plunge. So, I tucked up in bed, laid back, and thought of Brad Pitt in Fight Club (Not Tyler Durden or Brad Pitt, but Brad Pitt in Fight Club, because apparently my sexual fantasies are weirdly pedantic). It changed my life. Suddenly, orgasm wasn't a mystical unobtainable entity, I had it at my fingertips (literally) and I used it like a goddamn superpower. My friends were all in relationships at the time and happily exploring the whole doing it with another person side of things, but they were kinda struggling on the self-exploration front and in most cases that also meant the climax part. So, I became the oracle of orgasm and spent many nights drunkenly discussing how to rub one out.

Despite this though, I remained shy on the whole doing it with another person side. Pedantic sexual fantasies also meant pedantic taste in partners and it was rare that I'd find someone I'd even consider doing anything with. When I finally did I became so hung up on how perfect they were that I was too scared to try. Eventually, in the words of Miley Cyrus, "I got too good at just doing it myself" and was just sort of content with me, my hand, and I. I'm still self-conscious about my lack of sexual inexperience though. It's not really something I talk about, but because I read Sex Crims, I know that it's okay to be shy. So what if I haven't done it with a dude? I hadn't watched Lord of the Rings until yesterday either. Now I have. Eventually, I'll have sex. Hopefully, it will involve less orcs, but just as much emotional investment.

Thank you so much for Sex Criminals. Thank you even more for the letter section. The Bowie tips made me cry. I was going to suggest you do Prince ones, but I realised you wouldn't need to censor them. This is a long letter and it doesn't even come close to explaining how much of an impact this book has had on my life, but I thought after four years of reading it, I should probably make a start.

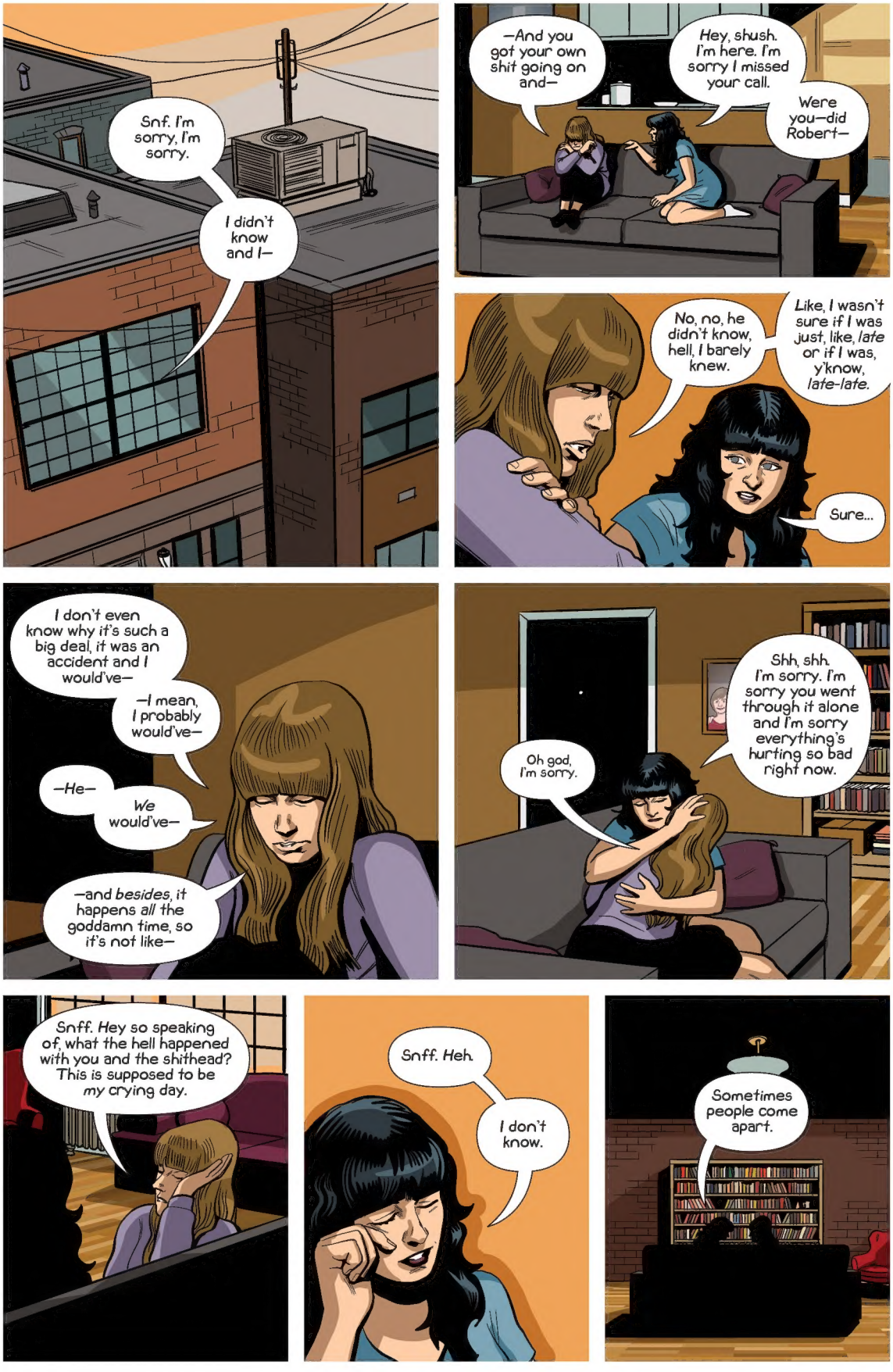
So much love and all my thanks,
JB

P.S. My Dad reads Sex Crims as well. If you print this letter there is a chance he will see it. Hopefully he will feel awkwardly proud.

MY DAD'S ADVICE WHEN I WENT OFF TO SCHOOL AT THE WEE TENDER AGE OF... SHIT, 16?... WAS "DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID, AND CALL YOUR MOTHER ON SUNDAYS". ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, NEW BECKY RIDING A WASHING MACHINE WOULD HAVE BEEN MORE INFORMATIVE. C'EST LA DADS.

(I LATER PUT THOSE EXACT WORDS INTO THE MOUTH OF THE IMPOSSIBLE MAN IN

Diner Threat
Open 24/7
All day breakfast
Hang out, hatch schem
Hey.
Thanks, uh. Thanks for coming. I owe you guys an apology.
Think we owe you one, too.
S'okay. That's all right. None of that shit matters now.
All that matters is the plan...


Snf. I'm sorry, I'm sorry.
I didn't know and I—
—And you got your own shit going on and—
Hey, shush. I'm here. I'm sorry I missed your call.
Were you—did Robert—
No, no, he didn't know, hell, I barely knew.
Like, I wasn't sure if I was just, like, late or if I was, y'know, late-late.
Sure...
I don't even know why it's such a big deal, it was an accident and I would've—
—I mean, I probably would've—
—He—
We would've—
—and besides, it happens all the goddamn time, so it's not like—
Oh god, I'm sorry.
Shh, shh. I'm sorry. I'm sorry you went through it alone and I'm sorry everything's hurting so bad right now.
Snff. Hey so speaking of, what the hell happened with you and the shithead? This is supposed to be my crying day.
Snff. Heh.
I don't know.
Sometimes people come apart.

SEX TIP *Come closer I want to tell you a secret closer what no I'm not staring at your ear ha ha that's crazy*

MY TIME ON THE *FF* BOOK AS HIS YOUNG SON ADOLPH IMPOSSIBLE WENT OFF TO EARTH TO LIVE AND LEARN WITH THE FUTURE FOUNDATION KIDS. PLEASE UNDERSTAND THAT SUBTEXTUALLY WHEN THE IMPOSSIBLE MAN SAID "DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID", IT IMPLICITLY MEANT, "DON'T GET ANYBODY PREGNANT," JUST LIKE HOW MY FATHER SUBTEXTUALLY MADE IT IMPLICIT TO ME.)

AND, LOOK, YOU DO YOU (UH, AS IT WERE) IN YOUR OWN TIME, AND PLACE, AND SPACE. YOU'LL GET TO IT, OR YOU WON'T, WHEN IT'S RIGHT FOR YOU, AND I THINK THAT'S AMAZING. YOU ALREADY KNOW THE PUNCHLINE, SO YOU GET TO CHOOSE THE BEST TIME TO, UH, LAUGH? IF THAT MAKES SENSE? YOUR FRIENDS MIGHT BE FIGURING OUT ALL THE WRONG WAYS DUDES WANT TO FUCK THEM. I KNOW ERRBODY'S DIFFERENT, BUT I'D BET THAT AT THE END OF THE YEAR YOU'LL HAVE HAD MORE ORGASMS THAN YOUR SEXUALLY-ACTIVE FRIENDS HAVE, IF FOR NO OTHER REASON THAN NOBODY FUCKING KNOWS ANYTHING AT FIRST, LEAST OF ALL HOW TO COMMUNICATE. SHIT, I'M A DUDE AND EVEN I DIDN'T HAVE AN ORGASM THE FIRST FEW TIMES I HAD SEX. EESH.

WHILE IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP YOU FROM MASTURBATING, MAYBE IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO STOP YOU FROM CONTINUING ON IN *THE LORD OF THE RINGS* WATCHING. FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, STOP BEFORE YOU GO BLIND AND GROW HAIR ON YOUR PALMS.

HERE IS A PICTURE OF ME THE FIRST TIME I TRIED WATCHING *LORD OF THE RINGS* AND THE TWO OLD MEN FOUGHT EACH OTHER WITH STICK FOR A HALF-HOUR:

Unidentified Otter Uncle prays for death's sweet release (2016)

DON'T LET THIS BE YOU

Looks like SOMEONE'S ready to "turn off the Ewoks of Mordor," which is like Endor but there's more of it I guess -CZ

•

Lured by a sweet song
Wanting only for some wide meat
But the buns held feels

Nicholas L

HA HA SUCK IT NEIL GAIMAN, YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY COMIC DUDE WHAT GOT POETRY IN THE OL' INBOX.

"POETRY IN THE OL' INBOX" IS WHEN SOMEONE PUTS A FINGER IN YOUR BUTT, BUT FORGETS THEY'RE WEARING A RING, AND SUDDENLY YOU REALIZE YOU HAVE A RING ON A FINGER IN YOUR BUTT.

Can we expect live performances of the aural phenomenon that is the Wide Weiner song? Live performances at, say, Rose City Comic Con, which I will be attending this year?

Morgan S.

WE ARE WORKING ON A LOT OF HILARIOUS, WEIRD, AND PROBABLY EXPENSIVE SOLUTIONS TO THIS VERY PROBLEM RIGHT NOW. SO IN THE MEANTIME... I DUNNO, JUST PRACTICE STRETCHING AND CORE STRENGTH AND MAKE YOUR AUTO-FELLATIO DREAMS COME ('CUM') TRUE ('IN YOUR OWN MOUTH').

I did and now I write SPECTACULAR SPIDERMAN with ADAM Kubert! -CZ

•

WELL THAT'S THE END OF "FOURGY". WE WILL SEE YOU NEXT TIME FOR THE START OF "FIVE-FINGERED DISCOUNT", BECAUSE WE ARE NOTHING IF NOT 1) CLASSY 2) CONSISTENTISH AND 3) CONSISTENTISH SHIT NO WAIT HANG ON

4) horny 4 ur approval -CZ

NEXT TIME!
I DON'T KNOW I JUST DON'T KNOW PROBABLY SEX PROBABLY SADNESS

FOR MATURE READERS DUH

IMAGECOMICS.COM

RATED **M** / MATURE

I HOPE YOU LIKE MIDDLE-AGED NUDE PEOPLE TALKING ABOUT SEX, *MOM*

oh #$%@ you do?